

The West Virginian

"THE PAPER THAT GOES HOME"

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TUESDAY EVENING, JULY 15, 1919.

THE AMERICAN'S CREED.

I believe in the United States of America as a government of the people, by the people, for the people, whose just powers are derived from the consent of the governed; a democracy in a republic, a sovereign Nation of many sovereign States; a perfect Union, one and inseparable, established upon those principles of freedom, equality, justice, and humanity for which American patriots sacrificed their lives and fortunes. I therefore believe it is my duty to my country to love it; to support its Constitution; to obey its laws; to respect its flag; and to defend it against all enemies.

AFTER FORTY.

SIR WILLIAM OSLER, the famous physician who a number of years ago, while he was a member of the faculty of Johns Hopkins in Baltimore, said something which was twisted into a statement that the usefulness of the average man ceased when he became 40 years old and that he ought to be chloroformed at that age, was seventy years old Saturday. According to the Baltimore Sun, many physicians and personal friends in that city sent him felicitations upon the anniversary.

Dr. Osler is now in England, where he is a member of the faculty of one of the famous universities, and presumably he is in good health and still in active service. He never said what he was popularly believed to have said, but it is nevertheless interesting to note that if he had in a careless moment uttered such a remark he would himself have been one of the most complete refutations of it.

Dr. Osler while he was in this country was recognized as one of our most accurate diagnosticians. It was an obscure ailment indeed which could elude his practiced eye and sensitive finger tips. Cases that baffled other physicians were taken to him and usually he was able to locate the trouble. So talented a man must have been of immense service to mankind, and the number of useful years he has added to the span of important men and women during the thirty years that have elapsed since he passed his fortieth birthday would make a total a great deal more impressive in this day and generation than a statement of the money that has been amassed by most of our pet millionaires.

ARE YOU WILLARDING OR WORKING?

SINCE editorial sermons are still occasionally preached concerning the bout between Cain and Abel, perhaps it is not too late to offer a sermon-editorial on the conflict between Willard and Dempsey.

The burden of this sermon is such an old one that it would not be offered were it not so patent as the prominent citizen as Mr. Jess Willard would never take the trouble to learn it. If he, why not others; possibly you?

People who saw Willard "training" with his sparring partners agree that he played instead of worked; that he was at all times confidently careless, and that he seldom or never called for any real action from his hired opponents. People who saw Willard enter the ring will bear witness that he entered upon the championship contest in exactly the same way. He smiled around upon the audience, as if he were the speaker at an annual church picnic; he sauntered to the center of the ring; he tapped his opponent lightly in the face a couple of times, and when he and his adversary came together and were ordered to "break," he threw both arms wide and stepped back as gracefully

as if the referee had ejaculated "Doe-dos!" at a country dance. In a word, he carried the psychology of his previous play-contests to his work contest.

Dempsey pursued diametrically the opposite course. His practice bouts were real contests. He fought all the time, and once or twice he came rather close to getting the worst of it in them. He entered the ring in a willing, winning, hard-working state of mind, because he had been in the same state of mind for weeks. He landed the first hard blow, because he had been in the habit of landing hard blows for weeks and months, and the first hard blow practically won the fight.

If Mr. Willard will look into his Longfellow he will find a line to the effect that "Life is real! Life is earnest!" and among the copy-book lines of his school days he may recall "Whatever is worth doing is worth doing well," to which he might add that "Shirking is a harder habit than working," and that the psychological process of weeks cannot be undone in seconds.

The ex-champion has paid the price for these lessons. What about you? Are you and I Willarding in our working?

OVERREACHED THEMSELVES.

YESTERDAY'S vote in the house on the question of passing the Agricultural bill over the veto indicates that if the daylight saving repealer had been put through as a separate measure and upon its own merits it might have won. Party lines were completely ignored yesterday, just as they were on that day when the rider to the appropriation bill was jammed through both houses, and the vote to override the veto was 247 while the vote to sustain it was but 135. The party in favor of putting through the bill in spite of the President's protest was in the majority, but it lacked 23 of having enough votes to make the two-thirds which the rules require.

Of course there were some votes in favor of putting the bill through as it stood which were influenced by a feeling that the President ought not to make use of his constitutional authority in a matter of this kind, but the situation as it stands creates the impression that the opponents of daylight saving missed a trick and perhaps permanently defeated themselves simply because they elected to employ indirect instead of direct methods to accomplish their purpose.

But while they have lost, the nation without a doubt has gained by the incident, because for the first time the attention of the whole country has been called to the appropriation bill rider evil, and it is going to be much easier for presidents in the future to veto appropriation bills for no other reason than that congressional tricksters have used them as vehicles in which to slip through measures that congress could not or did not want to go on record upon.

Reports given out by the Department of Agriculture indicate that as compared to the same date last year the holdings in cold storage on July 1 of frozen and cured meats and poultry showed increases of from 5 to 467 per cent. Evidently the retailer is not the only factor in the high cost of living problem who has been more greedy than he should be. But the storage people are less hard to deal with. If it wants to congress can put them in leading strings and if it does not do it there is going to be trouble.

Gas coal advanced ten cents a ton in the Pittsburgh district yesterday and it is now quoted at \$2.60 at the mines and hard to get at that figure. Another significant development of yesterday in that district was the appearance of Swiss and French steel buyers who want to place heavy orders. Pretty soon the price of all kinds of coal will begin to advance, and then some of the operators who tied themselves up at low figures will regret their shortsightedness.

The booze crowd got an unmerciful drubbing in congress yesterday, and not only the two and three-quarter per cent beer but all the other measures which the wets advocated were voted down by decisive majorities. One of these days it will dawn upon the wets that they are no longer popular.

The peace treaty and the accompanying league of nations project started on their journey in the senate yesterday a bit joltily but with enough motion to insure that they will get somewhere without any great delay. Two things are beginning to be apparent. One is that the supporters of the league of nations project are willing to make some concessions along the lines suggested by Elihu Root and the other is that some of the senators who were counted upon to be opponents of the project are going to be found in the other camp. As the matter approaches the point where senators will have to vote upon it the character of the discussion is undergoing a marked change. From now on senators may be expected to be a lot more guarded in their remarks.

Chairman Graham, of the House committee to investigate the expenditures of the War department made the charge in the house yesterday that no provision has been made for the preservation of the records of the draft boards which were sent to Washington, and that some of them are so badly cared for that they are standing in water in cellars and stables. This is inexcusable carelessness. These records may be of no value to the nation and then again they may be of inestimable value. Time alone can determine that. In the mean time every possible care should be taken to preserve them intact.

Indians and white settlers believed it efficacious as a liniment for rheumatism and sprains and bruises. Oil was considered more of a nuisance than a thing of value in the early days.

Doctor Samuel P. Hildreth, of Marietta, Ohio, wrote an article in *Silliman's Journal* for February 1828 and in reference to the uses of oil, said:

"Nevertheless the petroleum affords considerable profit and is beginning to be in large demand for lamps in workshops and manufactories. It affords a clear, brisk light." Doctor Hildreth visited the mouth of the Hughes river in 1836 and wrote that "from fifty to a hundred barrels were collected and sold" during the previous year.

George S. Lemon moved from Lower Virginia to the forks of the Hughes River in 1836 and knowing of the existence of petroleum in the Great Kanawha Valley and being a man of some enterprise engaged in its collection and sale. He sank a well for salt and struck oil and began pumping it when 1835 or '36 W. Cree came to the land and took up the business.

Deep breathing in cold weather, through the nose, will make one appreciably warmer.

WALKING THE PLANK.

This may be done safely enough if the plank comes from our large stock of lumber. And when you are ready to build you will find here all kinds of materials—Lumber, Roofing, Sash Doors, Wall Board, etc., ready for quick delivery to you. John M. Kiser and Bro. Lumber Co., Phone 127-R.

TRUTHS AND TRAVESTIES

By th' Bard

Tenshun!

A Ballad of Hot Weather.
There's a sizzling in the city
And the sound of prickly heat.
The skeeters sing in chorus.
All policemen have big feet.
It is hot and getting hotter.
Is that the ice man at the door?
Heaven help us. Bring a milk shake.
Perspiration flows like gore.
Turn the fan on. Raise the window.
Tie a wet rag 'round my head.
Will cracked ice hurt digestion?
How hot are you when you're dead?
Some fool back in ancient history
Said "th' good old summer time"
If I had that gink this minute
I'd start him for a hotter climate.
Holy Mackrel, I am stifling.
Is that an angel choir I hear?
Tell my loved ones to come closer
For I feel the end is near.
Parade Rest!

Speaking of hot weather, Ira Smith has the system to beat it. He says eat chili sauce and keep cool!

Squads Right!

I must say I was deeply grieved, when in the paper I perceived, that Doctor Broomfield, famed divine, had ventured to assert, opine, that he believed, he freely wot, that Repbs and Demms could be bought. Alas, when such sad news I hear, I heave a sigh, I drop a tear. To think that in our own fair town where Nature never cast a frown, that such conditions can exist with none to call out "halt," "desist." If this be true as Broomfield said, I think I'll pack the trundle bed, sell off the cows and shoot the rooster and move my family back to Wooster.

Squads Right About!

It is promised that the clink of the silver on the receiving teller's window is to replace the clink of the ice in the tall cold ones.

Eyes Right!

A Cry of Despair, or a Drama of 1921.
Scene—Baltimore and Ohio Station.
Bill Folde is discovered pacing back and forth on platform. Train from Wheeling pulls in. Charley Horse alights from train. Bill greets him effusively.

Bill—"Well, old timer. I'm glad to see you out again."

Charley—"And I'm mighty glad to be here. That prison at Moundsville is one of the worst I've ever in. Think of spending five years there. Now let's go out and celebrate."

Bill—"You said it. Let's get started."

They exit up Madison street.

Scene—Main street.

Enter Bill and Charley talking excitedly.

Bill—"Let's go in here at the Boston and get an ice cream cone to start off with."

Charley—"What? Say what kind of a celebration d'ye think this is gonna be? Let's slip down to Jackson street and get a snifter of the juice that smokes."

Bill—"Saddy!—Ah, Charley, things have changed. They got a new city government and them things ain't no more."

Charley—"Good Lord. Well, let's take in the Dixie. I ain't seen a movie for ages."

Bill—"Too bad, old timer. The Society for the Prohibition of Good Times closed all 'M' movies a year ago."

Charley—"Well then, less go to the Hippodrome."

Bill—"Nothing doing. That was closed last week by the Society for the Prohibition of Singing and Dancing in Public."

Charley—"Fer th' love o' Mike! Well then let's slip down to Harvey Paiste's and get a pork chop."

Bill—"Oh Charley, you have been gone a long time. The Society for the Prohibition of Hardships to Animals forbade the use of meat long ago. We can eat some spinach if you're hungry."

Charley—"No. I'm not that hungry. Let's walk around a while till I can adjust myself."

The first exportation of American-

Bill—"But we can't. The Society for the Prohibition of Wasted Steps would have us arrested!"

Charley—"I've got it. Less go to th' ball game."

Bill—"No, the Society for the Prohibition of Games of Skill have closed all the diamonds."

Charley—"Can we go to a prayer meeting or something?"

Bill—"No, the Society for the Prohibition of Pretenders to Holiness would have us thrown out."

Charley—"Say I used to know a couple swell Janes in this town. Less drop out and see them this evening."

Bill—"No no Charley. The Society for the Prohibition of Interest in the Opposite Sex would have us all deported to Grafton."

Charley—"Well then, I'll buy a stick of chewing gum and go out to Loop Park and sit on a bench. Will that be permitted?"

Bill—"Mercy no. The Society for the Prohibition of Wasted Energy would not allow you to buy the chewing gum and then you would be arrested by a representative of the Society for the Prohibition of Loafing if you went to the park."

Charley—"Will I be allowed to go down to the river and jump off the bridge?"

Bill—"Oh, Charley, what a question. Of course you wouldn't. The Society for the Prohibition of Annoyance to Fish would have you jailed."

Charley—"When's th' next train for Moundsville?"

Front!

Editorial Comment on Current Subjects

A TARIFF FIGHT OF THIRTY YEARS AGO WHICH SAVED WELSH FOOD SUPPLY DURING THE WAR.

From the Manufacturers Record, Baltimore, Md.

One of the greatest protective tariff fights ever made in this country was the one in behalf of the tinplate trade. We had no tinplate industry, but a third of a century ago far-seeing men took the ground that we could produce tinplate under a favorable tariff. We were importing from Wales all of the tinplate for the canned goods trade and other purposes. The most tremendous influence was brought by Welsh exporters and American importers of tinplate to prove that tinplate could never be made in this country. It was said that we had no tin and were dependent upon importations of the raw material out of which to produce tinplate. The fight was a royal one. The battle went on for years. The leaders in the industrial development of the nation fought year after year in behalf of tinplate, an industry which did not exist, but they claimed that it could be created. The tinplate importers filled the land with their adverse reports.

In an experience of more than a third of a century in industrial newspaper work we believe that the most continuous and hottest fight which we ever knew on any single line of protection to the contest for and against a protective tariff on tinplate. Free trade advocates attacked the idea of ever becoming a manufacturer of tinplate. They said that even a high tariff would not result in its making tinplate in competition with Welsh tinplate, and naturally every influence of the Welsh tinplate interests and of the English interests identified with that industry for years vigorously opposed an American industry based on a protective tariff.

After ten to fifteen years of work a tariff was put on tinplate, and since then the growth of this industry has been one of the marvels of American history. The United States now produces three-fourths of the world's tinplate. Twenty years ago we produced none. In 1891 we imported more than 1,000,000,000 pounds of tinplate. In 1918 we imported 71,000 pounds, but we exported 550,000,000 pounds. From the beginning of the industry, in 1891, when this country produced 2,300,000 pounds, the growth of this business has gone forward with amazing rapidity, until in 1917 we produced 3,387,000,000 pounds.

The first exportation of American-

made tinplate was in 1893, and amounted to 20,827 pounds. Now we are exporting more than 500,000,000 pounds a year.

Prior to the development of this business we were absolutely dependent upon Wales for tinplate. Had any war intervened to shut us off from the Welsh supply, the entire tinplate industry, upon which all the tin-canning business of the country depends, would have been utterly without the material for the production of tin cans. We would have had a disaster in foodstuffs beyond ability of words to express.

There are other industries just as vital to the welfare of this country and to its independence in time or war as in peace as was the tinplate industry; industries which can only be developed as was the tinplate business by adequate protection against foreign importations. The value to America of the tinplate industry is many times the \$200,000,000 which represents the value of the actual output. Indeed, statistics could hardly tell what it would have meant for America to be without the tinplate industry during the recent war, but we would have been without it if we had made impossible the development of this business by failure to give tariff protection to it.

The tinplate industry and the dye industry are even more essential to American welfare than tinplate. For both of these we have been wholly dependent upon Germany. They cannot be developed without adequate protection. Their development means far more than merely the creation of a new industry, worth so many hundreds of millions of dollars a year to the extent of the value of the products produced. They would mean independence of Germany and of all other foreign countries in time of war. They would mean that we would be no longer dependent upon outside nations for the materials which enter into the production of foodstuffs and to the making of explosives.

It would be a short-sighted policy in the extreme for the agricultural interests of the country to demand free potash merely in order to save the few dollars which for a year or two they might be able to save if this market

Courtneys' Store

Store Closed Until
Friday Morning
On Account of Death of
Mr. Wm. D. Courtney

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could be flooded with foreign potash and thus destroy this new industry. The farmers are getting for their products larger prices than ever before. They can well afford to pay a larger price for their potash. Failure to develop the potash and the dye industry in the light of our experience during the war would be criminal folly so inconceivably great that one is amazed that anybody should for a moment oppose a protective tariff on dye and potash to an extent sufficient to make the development of these interests as certain as was the development of the tinplate industry under the protection which was given to that unborn industry when a tariff on it was first carried through.

A protective tariff became the parent, the father, the creator of the tinplate industry. Without that tariff it would never have been born. Today it is one of the greatest of the American industries, affording a lesson which should be heeded in regard to potash and dyes and other things which should be produced in America, making us independent in America from foreign countries.

Without canned foodstuffs of all kinds, meats and vegetables, our armies could not have been fed. The enormous canning business of the country, which includes canned meats of every variety, canned foodstuffs of almost every product grown and suitable for food, could never have been developed without the tinplate industry in this country, for if we had had to depend upon Wales for tinplate we would have been forever hampered in this essentially important business.

Thus a tariff fight made a third of a century ago and ardently supported by Mr. McKinley as one of his pet projects became the means of creating an industry which made possible the creation of our vast canning business, so absolutely essential to the feeding of the army and of our civilian population. Never was there a more overwhelming answer to the free-trade theories of so-called political economists who spout forth their theories from colleges and universities and who voice their sentiments through the free trade press.

Every Boy and Girl Can Have a Hand Grenade Thrift Bank

Apply at this bank for an enrollment card. To get a Hand Grenade Thrift Bank, if you are less than ten years old, you must save enough money this summer to buy one War Savings Stamp.

If you are more than ten years old, you must buy two War Savings Stamps. They will be distributed when school opens this fall. You must enroll before July 25th.

THE PEOPLES NATIONAL BANK.
CAPITAL \$200,000.00

THE BANK FOR ALL THE PEOPLE

Business Confidential

WE wish to emphasize an important point in the transaction of all business in this bank.

The business of our customers we regard as strictly confidential, and in no case do we abuse this confidence.

Furthermore, the employees of this bank are not permitted to talk over or discuss the business transactions of any of its customers.

Fairmont State Bank.
Fairmont, W. Va.

SAFETY FIRST
COURTESY NEXT

INDIVIDUAL SERVICE
TO FIT YOUR NEEDS

RUFF STUFF

Judging by what happened in Congress yesterday this near bear has no more friends among the law makers than it has among the toppers.

But the toppers will take it if they can't get anything else while the congressional attitude is altogether hostile.

"Draft records not preserved, it is said."—Headline.

But there are a lot of guys throughout the country who hope that is true.

Police have information that the regular price for pickhandle is 50 cents a pitcher.

At that rate the bootleggers who plunged in red likker they hoped to sell at \$7 per pint are headed for the poor house.

Unless the thirsty guys care less for money and more for healthy livers.

If you hear any one bleating tomorrow morning about the failure of the primary system you will not need to inquire what he is.

He will be one of the poor boobs rimmed in today's little political merry-go-round.

The primary system is all right, but

sometimes it gets into the hands of men who are all wrong.

But that is an accident for which the indifferent voters are themselves responsible.

Being a coal operator must be an interesting career.

So full of excitement 'n everything.

For instance just when all the mines got to running nicely after six loan months a strike on the sea makes the transportation system crumple up.

When that's over something else "ll happen.

And yet some operators get fat.

TODAY IN STATE HISTORY
BY LEE MARDITT

The medicinal properties of oil were emphasized in the early days of what is now West Virginia. The Great Kanawha river was nicknamed "Old Greasy" because of the oil found on its waters, which flowed from salt wells. Jesse Hughes and William Lowther found petroleum floating on the waters at the mouth of the Hughes river and upon investigation learned that it came through the sands along the right bank of that stream about six miles from its mouth at a point which is now in Wirt county. The first settlers called it "Seneca Oil" as petroleum was first found in the United States on the shores of Seneca Lake in New York state, where

Indians and white settlers believed it efficacious as a liniment for rheumatism and sprains and bruises. Oil was considered more of a nuisance than a thing of value in the early days.

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OUTBURSTS OF EVERETT TRUE

(BY CONDO)

